



Dolly. "AUNTIE, WILL YOU COME AND CHAPERON ME? MR. SMITH HAS ASKED ME TO GO TO THE CHOCOLATE SHOP, AND I DON'T THINK IT WOULD BE QUITE THE THING TO GO ALONE WITH HIM."

LITERARY GOSSIP.

An Evening Paper states that Lord R-S-B-RY is engaged upon a novel, which may be expected to make its appearance during the autumn. We understand that its title will be *I've an Hoe*. That the ex-premier is not the only political personage likely to contribute to the output of the next publishing season may be gathered from the following strictly unofficial items of literary gossip.

FICTION.

The Right Hon. ARTH-R B-L-F-R (author of *To-morrow will be Friday*) is about to publish *Forty Winks on the Links*; or, *The Dormy-Tory*. The appearance of the promised novel, *Never Too Late to Amend*, by Mr. L-M-B-R-T, M.P., editor of *Colenso's Rules of Simple Calculation*, has been indefinitely postponed till the weather is cooler.

HISTORY.

It is reported that Mr. L-L-Y-D-G-R-G-E, M.P., will shortly give to the world a new edition of the *Works of Josephus*, and that a special feature of the volume will be an introductory essay, in which an interesting comparison will be drawn between the earlier and later periods of JOSEPHUS' work.

SPORT.

The Right Hon. ST. J-H-N BR-D-R-CK, already known by his famous brochure, *From Vet. to De Wet*, is shortly to produce *The Book of the Horse*, to which Sir J. B. M-F-L-E will kindly contribute a chapter on "Tottenham Corner," and Sir H. C-B. a chapter on "Fencers."

EDUCATIONAL.

Notable amongst forthcoming educational works will be the Marquis of L-N-S-D-W-N-E's *How to Teach the Dutch in One*

Lesson. Students and travellers will no doubt look eagerly for the new volume in the *Modern (strong) Language Handbooks Series*. The work, which will be entitled *How to Make Yourself Understood in Germany*, will be from the pen of Mr. J-S-P-H CH-M-B-R-L-N, M.P.

"THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN."

LIFE is growing hard and dreary; every pleasure turns to gall;
In our very dreams we're haunted by a net and whizzing ball;
And our backs are nearly breaking, and our youthful limbs are sore,
For we're playing, playing Ping-pong, which our parents both adore.

We can recollect our feelings (which of late have had such shocks)
When our father read the paper, and our mother darned the socks;
But you *can't* respect your father when he's grovelling on the floor,
Or is glaring at your mother if she doesn't know the score!

Well! we'll try to bear our burden, and we'll never talk of "fads,"
Nor remark on "modern mothers," or "the latest thing in dads,"
But we'll never know what peace is till we land upon that shore
Where the fathers cease from pinging and the mothers pong no more.

THE IDEOCRAT AT THE DINNER-TABLE.

VI.

How best, I said, to train our British youth
 To prop the edifice their fathers reared—
 'Tis a grave riddle asks solution here,
 Yet light to solve for whoso reads the signs
 Of what I count the lordliest life on earth.
 And, first, 'tis well to catch your early cub
 I' th' pliant age, ere yet his supple mind
 Is set to practise feats whereof the price
 Is as a drug's unquoted on the Mart.
 So caught, you 'll make his young prehensile hands
 Loose grip of bat for grasp of office-pen;
 Bid utilise his gift of agile feet
 To move about negotiating bills
 In lieu of hurdles, ay, and learn the art
 Of "forcing corners" on a nobler field;
 Let him eschew the unproductive task
 Of grappling with the lore of Greece and Rome,
 Of which the mere supply creates demand
 (Inverting order sanctified by trade),
 Since ushers cannot live with none to learn,
 And needs must teach the only arts they know,
 Which things in turn are taught by whom they teach,
 Eschew, I say, these antic outworn tricks,
 Long since discredited, and turn wi' th' times
 To themes that have their obvious instant use,
 The tongues of commerce—German, Spanish, French—
 Shorthand, and double-entry and the like.

That were a course to gender self-respect,
 Shaping the man o' th' world, adult betimes;
 The while in kindergartens, Cambridge way,
 Your hoyden athlete, loosely overgrown,
 Ekes out his babyhood with bumping boats,
 Ball-patting, running o' races round a ring,
 Or squandering leisure plucked from such employ
 On dust of futile authors dead and done,
 Greek fables, Latin doggerel, deuce knows what.

But there's an art they learn up there, you say,
 Whereon the shining hours are wasted well—
 The nice refinement, unattainable else,
 That comes of intercourse of unspoilt minds
 While youth is soft to take the impress on,
 Breathing an atmosphere impalpably rare
 Of high tradition good to brace the health?
 Why so, my friend, you're pleased to disinter
 That hoary wheeze of *Manners maketh Man*!
 And overlook (being left behind the times)
 An earlier rule restored, how *Might is Right*,
 Changed from its brute intent of armed appeal
 And signifying Wealth as primal source
 Of what ingredients go to make the man!
 Think you that when I dine my friends i' th' Lane
 They look to feast themselves with table-talk,
 Fine manners, windy gabble o' fencing wits,
 And salon-vogues revived from Holland House?
 No, Sir, their tastes are formed of sterner stuff.
 They come to eat their uttermost, I say;
 To spend what interspace my *chef* allows
 Probing the menu's promise; warm their hearts
 With vintage-raptures; muse in silent hope
 O' th' six-inch Cuban brand that crowns the close.
 One doesn't hear Horatian tags to-day
 Banded across the maze of supper-routs,
 Savoy's or Carlton's, wasting precious time.
 One *eats*; or talks, at most, to aid the maw,

On topics fitting men of affluent means—
 As Coronation seats, what price the best.

Well, well, I wander; let me turn in fine
 Back to my muttons (*pré salé*, I hope).
 Had I a dozen boys I'd school them all
 I' th' path of sound commercial enterprise
 From earliest prime, with liberty to reap
 What crop of manners chanced to shoot their way.
 And as for this same service KIPLING asks,
 This solid year of talents sent to seed,
 Why, one can always pay for men to die;
 They have their tariff fixed so much a day:
 Nor need they want for samples how to fight,
 Taught willingly by such as find reward
 In just the joy of guarding England's trade,
 Good honest fellows—trust the breed for that,
 And I, for one, have never cast contempt
 On humbler forms of service not my own,
 So they assist, in their subordinate ways,
 That common end we patriots keep in view.
 Each to his own employ, and Heaven for all;
 Thus checking what confusion might arise
 Most inconveniently, should every man
 Aspire to be a King of High Finance.

O. S.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"Oh, it is a lovely tangle, I can tell you," says one of the characters in *Princess Puck* (MACMILLAN). "HARBOROUGH has talked to me about it till I have completely forgotten which party wants to prove what." My Baronite has the fullest sympathy with this bewilderment. Miss SILBERRAD gives herself and her readers infinite trouble about the ramifications of a family and the intricacies of a lawsuit. There is a great deal too much of "the younger brother of old Mr. Harborough's grandfather." The reference, and many like it, is painfully reminiscent of the cow with the crumpled horn, and all that followed from its tossing the dog that worried the cat that killed the rat. It is endurable only by reason of the exceeding charm of the creation of *Wilhelmina Alardy*, commonly known as *Bill*. In her freshness, her unconventionality, her keen insight, and her honesty, *Bill* is delightful. By way of foil an equally clever character sketch is presented in her cousin *Polly*. This is not the author's first book, but she is evidently a beginner. When she learns to crowd her canvas less, and to leave the intricacies of landed estate law to those who make a living out of it, she will do far better.

Messrs. VACHER issue a fresh volume of *The Politician's Handbook*, being a review and digest of Diplomatic Correspondence, Reports of Royal Commissions, Select Committees, Treaties and Consular Reports current within the year. Mr. WHATES prefaces his work with a review of the documents that is in itself a luminous review of the principal events of the political year. To all actively concerned in public affairs my Baronite recommends the volume as an invaluable book of reference. THE BARON DE B.-W.

SEASONABLE.

'Arry's Friend. What's the proper dinner for Ash Wednesday?

'Arry. Why, 'ash mutton, o' course.

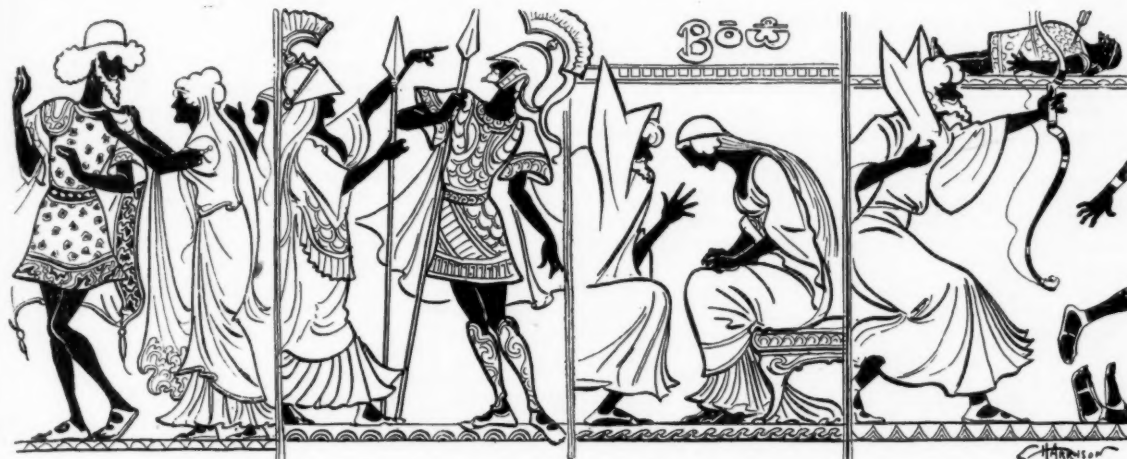
HIGHEST AIMS IN LIFE.—Captain OSWALD H. AMES, of the 2nd Life Guards, the tallest man in the British Army, "has been promoted to be Major." What height will he be when he becomes Maximus?



A CAPRICIOUS CUPID.

R-a-b-b-y-Cupid (apart, guiltily conscious of his duty towards Squire Campbell and the fair spinster, Miss Asquith). "I suppose, now, as this is VALENTINE SEASON, I OUGHT TO GET THESE TWO TO KISS AND BE FRIENDS.—BUT I'M NOT GOING TO TRY!"

ULYSSES MUCH WANDERING AT HER MAJESTY'S.



Ulysses and Calypso at Ogygia-super-Mare.

Ulysses and Minerva in the "Two-penny Tube," Hades Station.

Ulysses and Penelope. Artful Beggar!

The great pull that Ulysses has over the Sutors.

Auditorium suddenly "lost in gloom." Impossible to read names in play-bill. Music heard issuing from under the artistically strewn leaves that conceal the orchestra buried somewhere deep down under the waves of sound away from the public gaze. Occasionally during the evening the conductor of the submerged band pops up to the surface for breath, then, having caught the air they are singing on the stage, he dives down again to inform the musicians in the shades below, and all proceeds harmoniously. Curtain rises discovering the Gods of Olympus, or some of them, the others being unavoidably absent, seated "all in a row," with, as central figure, Jupiter "in the chair."

Old-fashioned Spectator in stalls (hums to himself). "King Jove in the chair, Of the skies Lord Mayor"—isn't that from Midas?

His Light-hearted and Younger Companion (cheerfully). Don't know the gentleman. But as the lot are asleep the orchestra might play, "We're all noddin', nid, nid, noddin'."

Sedate and Superior Person of about thirty-five (severely). It is a poetic conception. Hush!

Mamma (to clever young lady). It's so dark I can't see the programme even with my glasses. Who are these people, dear?

Clever Young Lady (rather impatiently). Oh! They're the gods, you know—Jupiter, Juno, Apollo—

Her Young Brother (about sixteen, who has overstayed his holidays and is returning next day). Bosh, WINNIE! I don't see any Juno or Apollo. Why, they're all sitting in a row like Christy Minstrels. Hallo! (As a figure is seen rising, through a trap-door on the stage, with back to audience and facing JUPITER.) I say, who's this chap?

Clever Sister (veezed). It isn't a chap at all, WILLIE.

Old-fashioned Spectator (staring at the figure that has just arisen). What on earth—or rather—what in Heaven's name is Britannia doing among the gods?

Superior Person (smiling superciliously). That's not Britannia. She has neither shield nor trident. It's—it's—

[His memory won't assist him, and, "the light that fails" not permitting him to read the bill, he is nonplussed.

Erudite Person (who has previously studied the bill). That is Athene—or, in Latin, Minerva.

Friend (nodding cheerfully). Oh, thanks, of course.

[Imparts the highly satisfactory information to old-fashioned friend.

Old-fashioned Friend (satisfied so far). Oh, I see, of course it isn't Britannia; she hasn't got any toasting-fork. Wish we could have some more light. Can't make out a word of the play-bill.

Habitué (in balcony stalls, recognising the actress who plays MINERVA). Why it's CONSTANCE COLLIER. Doosid handsome girl, CONSTANCE COLLIER.

Habitué's Wife (severely). S-s-s-h, JOHN, you disturb everybody.

[MINERVA and NEPTUNE quarrel. JUPITER says, "Order, order!" MINERVA, who has declaimed splendidly, calls for her trap, and on it descends quickly, to arrive apparently among the musicians below in their Cave of Harmony. POSEIDON-NEPTUNE, very rough and angry, rolls off in tempestuous wrath, and ZEUS—alias JUPITER—declares the sitting at an end, calls on GANYMEDE for a little light refreshment, and the nectar, being rather stronger than usual, inspires the Thunderer with humorous idea for practical joke, which he at once puts into execution by letting off a brilliant firework. "Bang goes saxpence!" Blinded audience awfully startled, and many nervous people inclined to rush incontinently out of the house—"sauve qui peut!" However, as no manager, or any one of the gods, appears to inform the public that "there is no danger," the audience gradually recovers its wonted equanimity.

Audience (after the lights have been switched on fully, "breathing again"). Ah!

Erudite Playgoer (with ancient quotation always ready). "For this relief much thanks!"

Young Brother (enthusiastically alluding to JOVE's pyrotechnic display). I say, that cracker was rippin'! wasn't it?

Elderly Playgoer (to friend whom he has treated to dinner and stall). I suppose you're not old enough to remember Venus and Adonis at the Haymarket, or Ixion at the Royalty, with all the gods and goddesses in it, and Minerva singing Dr. WATTS's verse, "Let dogs delight to bark and bite," to an air from the Ballo in Maschera, eh?

His Friend (slightly his junior). I remember years ago

seeing *Paris* at the Strand. All the gods were in that. There was a fat Cupid whose wings were moulting.

Elderly One. Yes, it was *Paris*; or, *Vive Lemprière!* Capital title. And I remember ROBSON's son coming out as *Ulysses* at the St. James's Theatre, when Miss HERBERT was there! Ah! (*Enjoying the recollection.*) I remember her as *Diana*. . . Ah! . . .

Superior Musical Amateur to Congenial Companion (in a grieved tone). Really, people do keep up such a constant chatter it is impossible to hear the music.

Congenial Companion. Yes, awful nuisance. Though at a theatre, as they only play popular music-hall tunes—

Superior Friend (correcting him). Ah, but here the music is strictly classical, and written on purpose by Mr. COLERIDGE TAYLOR.

Congenial Companion. Oh, by COLERIDGE—er—um—what's he written?

Superior Friend (sadly surprised). My dear fellow, you surely—

Congenial Companion (pretending that he had been the victim of a momentary lapse of memory). Oh, of course, COLERIDGE—yes, yes—

[*Is about to commit himself hopelessly by adding "Ancient Mariner," when bell tinkles, which announces the regulation, as on board ship, "All lights out," and the auditorium is again in darkness. Then we have the Palace of Ithaca, where the Suitors are carousing with various classically attired young women, at whose presence, as guests in her house, the peculiarly strict PENELOPE really ought to have drawn the line.*

Ingenuous Youth (in stalls, much delighted with the appearance and manner of CTESIPPUS, to Paterfamilias). Who's that fat chap?

Pater. That—that—(struggles with his play-bill). Can't see the name.

Kind Friend. That's KEMBLE—HENRY KEMBLE.

Ingenuous Youth. Oh, he's rippin'! (*After a pause.*) Who's that chap like SANDOW?

Pater (puzzled). SANDOW?—SANDOW?

Ingenuous Youth (impatiently). Yes, you know, Poppa, the strong man, in the large picture advertisements on the walls—

Pater (enlightened). Oh, that—yes—this—(indicating ANTINOUS on stage)—isn't SANDOW.

Ingenuous Youth (more impatiently, and vowing to himself that he never will bring Poppa to the play again if he can help it). Of course I know it isn't SANDOW—but who is it?

Kind Friend (thinking that information will put a stop to loquacious inquiries). That is Mr. OSCAR ASCHE.

Ingenuous Youth. Thanks awfully! I say, he is a whopper! My! (*Suddenly.*) But I mean what's his name in the play?

Kind Friend (blandly whispering). Antinous.

Ingenuous Youth (astounded). ANNE who?

Pater (frowning). Antinous—one name—a man, not a woman!



Specimens of the "Suitors"—assorted sizes.

Ingenuous Youth (resignedly). Oh, I see. I say! (*he exclaims on entrance of Miss LILY HANBURY as PENELOPE.*) Ain't she rippin'!

[*Is "in admiration lost." Scene over. Darkness banished. Light returns.*

Ingenuous Youth

(*studying play-bill.*) HENRY KEMBLE. I say, Poppa, how do you pronounce that name?

[*Points to "CTESIPPUS" in cast.*

Poppa (trying to avoid the subject). That is K-E-M-B . . .

Ingenuous Youth (interrupting). No!—I know that all right—I mean the name of the part he plays. There—

[*Points it out beyond possibility of mistake.*

Poppa. Oh, that's (gives a kind of sneeze and elicits) "Ctesippus!"

[*Ingenuous Youth tries it himself. Much diversion created in surrounding seats. The effect of everyone trying to pronounce C't'sippus is as if this portion of the audience had been suddenly seized with a violent attack of influenza. Bell. Lights out. Cimmerian darkness. Curtains withdrawn. Beautiful scene by HAWES CRAVEN of Sea Cave on CALYPSO's Island. Enter ULYSSES and CALYPSO. Great applause. ULYSSES "the crafty" intimates to the audience, by a glance, that he quite appreciates the expression of their delight at seeing him, but deprecates any display of enthusiasm just at this particular moment, in justice, of course, to Poet PHILLIPS.*

Clever Young Lady. Oh, here's *Ulysses* at last. I began to be afraid he was never coming.

Her Mamma. That's Mr. TREE, isn't it?

Clever Young Lady. Yes, dear.

Mamma (pleased with herself for having hit the right nail on the head this time, tries another). Ah, Mr. TREE, yes—very good. And that's Mrs. TREE, of course?

Clever Young Lady (worried). Oh no, Mamma, that's *Calypso*!

Mamma (bridling up). Oh!

Clever Young Lady. You remember the story? She detained him on the island away from Penelope.

Mamma (rather haughtily). I know it, my dear; I know it perfectly.

Jennie (in gallery). I say, 'ARRY, who's that a 'uggin' an' a maulin' what's-is-name?

'Arry (proud of his knowledge and pronunciation, and of his acquaintance with the drama and items of theatrical news). You mean *Hul'isēs*. That's TREE.

Jennie. Stupid! I know 'im—I mean—

'Arry. Oh, the carroty-'air'd party? That's NANCY PRICE as come in when Miss BROWN-POTTER chucked it.

[*Is about to give details for general enlightenment when he is silenced by expression of feeling in form of a "hush!" "no torkin'!" Play proceeds. Conversations and remarks gradually subside. Schoolboy goes home enthusiastically as to its being all "rippin'."*

In Act the second, the "action" being in Hades—a word pronounced as one syllable by no inconsiderable portion of the audience—we "don't get no forrader." Practically, not much "action." Grand scenes by HAWES CRAVEN. And then up we come to earth again, and are landed with *Ulysses* on the coast of Ithaca. As the scenes in Hades might be abbreviated, so might this. Mr. LIONEL BROUGH is here seen, comical as always, for a few minutes, and he is decidedly a



Calypso offering cup to Ulysses, hoping "there will be no ill-feeling" afterwards.

relief after Hades. Out of the last scene Mr. TREE (*pace* poet PHILLIPS) will probably cut a lot of tedious undramatic stuff; for why, if Mr. SHAKSPEARE's plays be invariably cut to meet the requirements of the modern stage, should not the same treatment be meted out to the work of Mr. PHILLIPS?

However, "That's all one, Our play is done," and Mr. BEERBOHM TREE and Co. "will try to please you every day," and, having "scored," will commission Mr. COURTICE POUNDS, as *Pheuius* "the minstrel boy" among the Suitors, to sing this version of Sir CHARLES SEDLEY's song, set to music by HOBBS, to be entitled:—

"PHILLIPS IS MY ONLY JOY!"

PHILLIPS is my only joy,
And as on this U-lys-es
I his talent did employ,
Willingly I pay him fees.

(Last line repeated with flourishes.)

If with a frown
He potted BROWNS,
PHILLIPS, smiling
(Some folks riling),
Makes me happier than before.

[*Arpeggio accompaniment for two bars interval, un poco rallentando, after the sweet COURTICE POUNDS style, diminuendo gradually dropping into pianissimo.*]

PHILLIPS is my only joy,
Speak his line sans "gag" or
"wheeze,"

Or no more will TREE employ
"You" in spel-ling U-lys-es!

[*Forte e legato (or, best foot foremost), octaves ad lib. Great applause. Call for everybody before curtain. Vive TREE!*]

MURDEROUS MILLINERY.

A Possible Development.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Times* stated, in a letter published on the 6th instant, that one person in the neighbourhood of Scarborough has contracted to supply ten thousand sea-birds to a milliner in London. The slaughter of the birds has been going on for months past.

In connection with this abominable arrangement, which throws such a lurid light on the tender and delicate sympathy of fashionable women, it may be interesting to give the following paragraphs from "Society Gossip" in the *Daily Female* of the first Monday in June, 1907:—

Church parade yesterday was a most cheery function. Everybody who is anybody was there. Among the smartest of the *fleur de chic* I noticed Mr. JONES, of South Africa, wearing a silk



"THAT NEW BOY'S A BAD BOY, TEACHER. HE SMOKES!"

"NO, I DON'T SMOKE NOW, TEACHER. I USED TO!"

hat, a frock coat, patent-leather boots, and diamond sleeve-links. But the women's dresses were, of course, more attractive, and some of the creations in *chapeaux* were perfectly too delightful.

It is very interesting to observe how the taste for animal trimmings has spread beyond the mere dead birds of a few years ago. A gull, or other bird, not cut up, is really quite *démodé*, and only seen at Brixton or Balham. The trimmings of the *viande saignante* style are now quite the rage.

Amongst the smartest women yesterday I noticed Lady BEATRICE BOUCHER in a delicious *sang-de-bœuf* straw hat, with an exquisite arrangement of *côte-lettes-de-mouton* all round the crown;

the Hon. Mrs. CHOLMONDELEY SLAWTER in a really sweet toque, trimmed with slices of *canard sauvage*; Miss ANN GWYN, the pretty *débutante*, in a white hat trimmed with tulle, amidst which, in the front, a large mass of *filet-de-bœuf* gave a note of rich colour; Mrs. PERCY GORE in a black hat of a very elegant and original shape, with a perfectly lovely arrangement of *rognons-au-naturel* under one side of the turned-up brim; Miss MONTGOMERY-GOFFYN in a scarlet toque with a most graceful trimming of *saucissons-de-Lyon*; and Mrs. PAUL BAISER in a quite too delicious wide-brimmed hat of *couleur-de-chair* straw, the high crown wreathed most charmingly with *tripe-à-la-mode-de-Caen*.

IN THE LIFT.

SCENE—A Lift at one of the stations on the "Tube." TIME—Midday, when the traffic is slack. A uniformed official is standing outside. His demeanour is stern and haughty. Another official, not quite so severe in his aspect, is standing in the lift. Two passengers, an elderly lady and her son, are in the lift, which, it should be stated, is about to descend.

First Official (relaxing, as he turns to speak to his colleague inside). Did you 'ear about ole 'ERRY lawst night?

Second Official. No. What's 'e bin up to?

First Official. Sime ole gime. Come 'ome in the tantrums and found 'is missis settin' on a 'eap o'— (To lingering female passenger who, having deposited her ticket in the box, is approaching. Very ferociously.) 'Urry up, 'urry up! (Lingering passenger does so in a humble and deprecating way. The official once more addresses his colleague.) That was a fair ole bit o' 'umbug, them two telegraft gals gittin' 'old of that money.

Second Official. Ah, but they ain't got 'old of it yet. Their aunt's got a word to say about it.

[All three passengers listen with breathless interest.

First Official (contemptuously). Aunt! They don't take no stock o' their aunt! Why, when their grandmother was took with the— (In severe tones to a girl who is giggling her way slowly past the ticket-box.) Now then, this wy! 'Urry up! We can't wite all day!

Girl (snappishly). Why, I thought you was paid for it.

First Official (still severely). That's just where you mike your error. We're paid for movin' up and down.

Girl. Why don't you move, then?

[She enters and sits down.

First Official (to his colleague, condescendingly). That's one o' them don't-know-where-yer-ares.

[He prepares to enter and to close the gates, when a stout old lady approaches the ticket-box at a run, waving her umbrella.

Stout Old Lady. Hi! hi! Stop!

First Official. All right, Mum. 'Urry up! We've got to get started some time.

Stout Old Lady (volubly to the official at the ticket-box). I want to get to Liverpool Street as quickly as possible, and they told me this was the best way, but I want to ask you if you're quite sure I shall be in time to meet a train there that ought to arrive at 1.10, but it's generally late, and so I thought—

First Official (furiously). Now then, Mum, come along, come along!

[She is hustled, still appealing for information, past the ticket-box. She darts back, but is ultimately persuaded to enter the lift. She sits down panting. The other four passengers regard her with cold disapproval. The First Official swings into the lift and closes the gates with a rattle and a bang, viciously excluding a meek old gentleman.

The Son (to his mother, as the gates close). Now, mother, don't be alarmed. It's really nothing when you're used to it—just an easy gliding motion—and we shall be down almost before you realise we've started.

[The lift starts suddenly.

The Mother. Ow! ow! Oh, what a turn that gave me, Tom! Oh dear! are you sure it's quite safe? Oh, and what's that melancholy sound?

First Official (continuing cryptic conversation with colleague as the lift descends). There was another o' the sime sort come along yesterday—no, the dy afore—with a parcel under 'is arm, and a little dawg tied to a—

Voice (proceeding apparently from the bowels of the earth). What oh! I give 'er that message!

First Official. Right oh! (To his colleague, laughing heartily). Ha, ha! That's ole BILL all over. 'E's the rummest ole scorchers I ever set eyes on. To-morrow 'e's goin' to take a—

[The lift reaches the bottom. The official dashes open the gates, and the passengers all exeunt.

Stout Old Lady (darting back, to First Official). I'm sure I'm not right for Liverpool Street. Can you tell me if—

First Official (sternly). You're quite right, Mum. 'Urry along to the trines. You're sure to catch one of 'em. Mind it's City, not Shepherd's Bush. (Stout Old Lady rushes off. He continues conversation with colleague.) There ain't many like THOMPSON nowadays. Did I tell you what 'e said to the butcher last Friday? The butcher 'ad 'ad a drop, o' course, so THOMPSON—

[At this moment passengers troop in on the other side for the upward journey, the lift fills, the official has to prepare to close the gates, and the conversation is again interrupted.

First Official. 'Urry up, 'urry up!

[He closes the gates, and the lift ascends.

MR. PUNCH'S NINETEEN-HUNDRED-AND-ONE CARTOONS.

LEST any reader should be misled by the above title, it may be as well to explain forthwith that we allude to Mr. Punch's Cartoons for 1901, just published by Messrs. BRADBURY AND AGNEW in one volume, with preface and memoranda by "TOBY, M.P." The volume opens with a cartoon by "our" Sir JOHN TENNIEL, the last one done by him for Mr. Punch, January 2nd, expressive of hopes for peace, and it finishes with one (December 25th), showing that the War in South Africa is still with us. Strange to relate, only once in all this series does the "unspeakable" Turk appear. As a handy and trustworthy reference concerning all matters directly political and indirectly social, this collection is invaluable, as any social craze of the hour may serve to illustrate a situation of the gravest European interest. Thus Mr. Punch "combines the information." Of Mr. Punch and his cartoons in this volume it may well be said "*Nihil quod tetigit non ornavit*." Those of a strictly domestic character are few but forcible, and fitting is it that among these should be included so noteworthy an incident as the public banquet, with Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR in the chair, given to Sir JOHN TENNIEL, Mr. Punch's "Jackies," who for over half a century has deserved so well of Mr. Punch and of the country, and of whom both are justly proud. Not a memorable event in the past twelve months but finds its record in this volume. It is indeed the story of the world from week to week, since what Mr. Punch's cartoonists do not record is scarcely worth remembering.

With lightest, wittiest touch, "TOBY, M.P." prefaces the volume, summarising, in his own inimitable style, the events that have suggested the various subjects of the cartoons. We confess that we would have preferred to see the signature of "TOBY, M.P." at the finish of the prefatorial essay that "TOBY, M.P." began. "TOBY, M.P.," in private life or in any department of public life, literary or journalistic, may sign whatever other name he may choose; but with regard to Mr. Punch, and in all matters connected with Mr. Punch, "TOBY, M.P." is "TOBY, M.P." When a clever dog gives himself so good a name, let him stick to it.

So, "naming no names," we conclude by once more calling attention to this volume of "Cartoons for the Year 1901," drawn by Mr. Punch's artists, and prefaced by "The Story of the Year, told by 'TOBY, M.P.'"

Floreat Punchius!

SUPERFICIAL MEASURE.—Crows' feet.



First Diana. "WHAT A GOOD RUN! MY HORSE IS A SWEET! I'M GOING TO CALL HIM 'MY HONEY'!"
 Second Diana. "IS THAT BECAUSE HE'S SO 'STICKY'?"

MILITARY MEMS.

MY GOOD AND GALLANT SIR.—The reference in my last communication to my charger, when I had the honour of acting as adjutant to a Militia battalion, some thirty or more years ago, has brought me a number of letters asking my opinion on the remount question. Well, frankly, I must confess that I think there must be a mistake somewhere when an animal is purchased, so to speak, civilly at one price, and then sold—again, so to speak—militarily, at that price four times told. I do not pretend to be an experienced accountant; but speaking off-hand, I should say there was something commercially unsound in the quaintly humorous transaction, speaking purely, of course, from a military-financial-departmental point of view. But let that pass.

Now as to the quality of the animals. I have given my experience of *Jenny*, who carried me well in the sixties. You will remember I rented her from an omnibus and fly provider. The mare sometimes, I confess, preferred the interests of her proprietor to mine. For instance, when, after a march out, we were returning to the barrack square

after a three hours and three-quarters' jaunt, she used to lessen her speed so that the last quarter of an hour should extend into twenty minutes, and thus break into the next hour at additional cost. As she took no notice of the band, the acceleration of the quick step of the Shoreditch Sharpshooters had no perceptible effect upon her speed. Had we been able to place the pipes in the rear, instead of at the head of the column, the result might have been different. *Jenny* never became acclimatised to the pipes, and always tried to avoid their skirlings, so exhilarating to Scots' ears. Thus much for *Jenny*.

I have been given to understand that the horses provided by the public conveyance proprietors for the veld have afforded satisfaction. It is said, certainly, that they sometimes persisted in remaining at the halt, but only until they were started with the command "igher hup,"—the first word uttered slowly, as a caution, and the second brought out sharply, to give the signal for immediate movement. In the autumn manoeuvres of the early seventies our transport was horsed and carted by suburban carriers. And the result? The drivers, being civilians and

outside military control, neglected their horses, and the transport broke down. Pardon these military recollections, but I remember on one occasion the appearance of the camp of a flying column in perfectly chaotic confusion. The Commander-in-chief of the period, who sometimes used choleric words, on seeing the sight, exclaimed, "Dear me!"—or even something stronger.

In the meanwhile I may say that if I can be of the slightest service to the country in organising the Remount Department, I shall be only too delighted to put my time at the disposal of the War Office. It is only just to add that I have no intimate knowledge of horseflesh, but this should not be an insuperable difficulty to my appointment. Yours devotedly,
 A. DUGOUT, Captain.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CÆLO SUPINAS.—We understand that no further question will be asked in the House as to the remissness of the authorities of the Zoo in not attending the recent auction of Chinese Seals.

CIPHER.—Why, you ask, did ELIZABETH GALLUP? We think it must have been so as to save her BAON.



Hostess (to guests, who have come to spend a few days). "WE'RE SO GLAD YOU'VE BEEN ABLE TO COME, MRS. GUSHINGTON; BUT I DO HOPE WE ARE GOING TO HAVE RATHER BETTER WEATHER, OR I AM AFRAID YOU WON'T ENJOY YOURSELVES MUCH."

Mrs. Gushington. "OH, BUT, MY DEAR LADY BOREHAM, WE DIDN'T COME HERE TO ENJOY OURSELVES. WE CAME TO SEE YOU!"

THE CHESTERFIELD LETTERS.

(An Entirely New and Original Edition.)

DEAR K-YF-R,—Hope you read ROSEBURY'S Chesterfield speech in your *Daily News* yesterday morning. The passage about peace negotiations being opened comes very opportunely, as our fellows are getting rather sick of being shot at. He suggests meeting of envoys in a neutral inn. Do you know of one? Why not approach British Government on our behalf—of course, unofficially? Then if you fail we can disavow you, and no harm will be done.

Yours, L-YDS.

DEAR L-YDS,—Hardly think overtures would come well from me. Considering that I wrote an article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, during the early months of the war, violently attacking Great Britain, my interference might savour of impertinence, don't you think? Besides, don't know of any neutral inn.

Yours, K-YF-R.

DEAR K-YF-R,—Never mind about article in *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Probably no one read it, and if they had they would not have paid any attention to it. Ever since BRUNETIERE came to grief over the *affaire* nobody has taken the *Revue des Deux Mondes* seriously. And never mind about the neutrality of the inn. Try the Carlton. Am told it's most comfortable.

Yours, L-YDS.

DEAR L-YDS,—Have gone to London as suggested. You

were right. Everyone seems to have forgotten *Revue des Deux Mondes* article. Awkward having no credentials, though. Don't you think KRUGER might give me some sort of authorisation? It would make my task easier. Position at present hardly dignified for Prime Minister of (so-called) friendly Power.

Yours, K-YF-R.

DEAR K-YF-R,—Quite impossible. The essence of the thing is that you should get British Government to commit themselves without our committing ourselves. That was the lesson of Chesterfield speech from our point of view. KRUGER quite annoyed that you should not perceive this. Mind you call on our pro-Boer friends while in London. CL-RK's address, National Liberal Club, Whitehall Court.

Yours, L-YDS.

DEAR L-YDS,—No use. Am coming home as soon as Channel is sufficiently calm for crossing. British Government wider awake than I supposed. The Marquis smiled grimly when he heard I was in London, and L-XSD-WNE murmured something about credentials. Better go to South Africa yourself and get best terms you can. CL-RK in tears.

Yours, K-YF-R.

CORONATION CLAIM.—*Un Chevalier d'industrie* asserts his right to appear on this occasion in a suit of Black Mail. (Claim allowed.)



THE WAR OFFICE NIGHTMARE.

ST. JOHN BRADDOCK (murmurs uneasily in sleep). "OH, THE WILD CHARGE THEY MADE——!"



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, February 3rd.—“Curious,” says the MEMBER FOR SARK, “how directly the fate of strongest Ministry of modern times is



SIR MAPLE DE BLUNDELLE.

bound up with the stud. Last Session BURDETT-COUTTS, who breeds horses and writes about them in sale catalogues with the chastened eloquence of the late Mr. ROBINS, nearly turned Government out on question of Army Hospitals. In hands of almost anyone else that would have been a squeeze. Nothing touches great heart of the people so sharply as neglect or inadequate succour of the sick or wounded soldier. BURDETT-COUTTS, by his bumptiousness, spoiled his case and saved Ministry. 1-

“Now Sir MAPLE DE BLUNDELLE, who also breeds horses, has got the Government in another tight place; more serious this time, the House not being prejudiced against case by anything in the way of personal vanity or self-assumption on part of Member bringing it forward. Sir MAPLE, taking the matter in hand in strict business fashion, just as if it were the furnishing of new mammoth hotel, has done it thoroughly well from first to last; has earned gratitude of the country; deserves thanks of House of Commons.”

The Hungarian horse-deal truly a pitiful, miserable story. Recalls worst episodes of Crimean War days; shows we have learned nothing, forgotten everything, since days of earlier Lord

RAGLAN. Question arose Friday night in Committee on Supplementary Army Estimates. To begin with, a cloud no bigger than a man's hand. War Minister, making statement on introducing Vote, did not think it worth mentioning. CAWELL-BANNERMAN, following, didn't seem to know anything about it. DILKE mooted topic. Sir MAPLE DE BLUNDELLE drove his coach-and-four into ring, and, in voice choked with honest emotion, addressed Committee from box seat. HOBHOUSE, Member of Committee reluctantly appointed at Sir MAPLE's instance, came next, and told a story, God bless you! that would have made the needy knife-grinder cut his throat in despair at his own inability.

Out of contract involving sum of £110,000 paid by the British tax-payer, the horse-dealers divided among them £44,000. Eighteen millions been voted for re-mounts in this present year. If the same basis of profit be established throughout, the honest horse-dealers will have scooped up eight millions sterling.

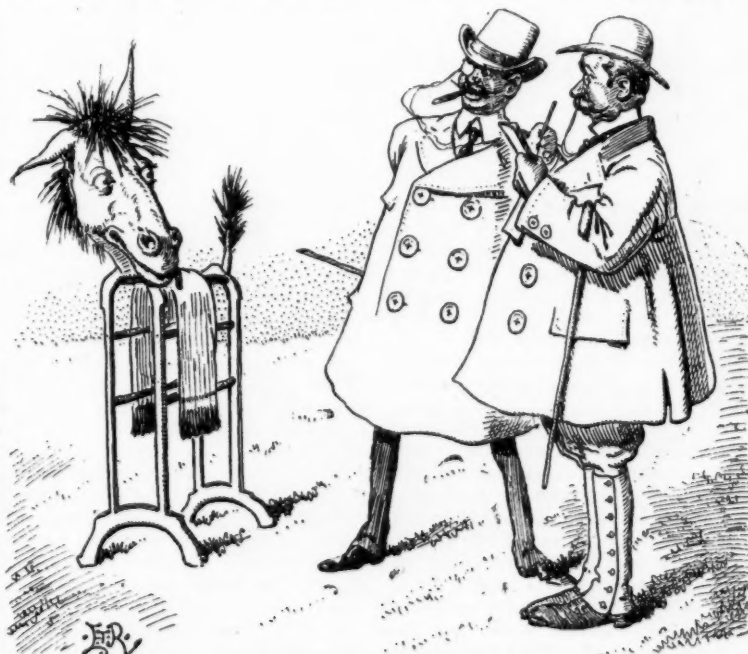
That pretty stiff, but it is not the worst of it. The horses, for which the War Office paid a trifle under £35 a piece, were bought at from £10 to £15 a head, and were nearly worth it. The hapless Imperial Yeoman setting out on the track of the slim Boer found himself at a critical moment astride a foundered screw.

Someone certainly ought to be hanged. But who? At one period of to-night's

sitting KENYON-SLANEY betrayed conviction that CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES was a fitting object for attention in that direction. The CAP'EN looked at the Colonel as if he were measuring him for a rope. Happily, nothing came of episode except bandying of words such as “dishonest” and “impertinent.” The House, in no humour for diversions of that kind, turned sternly to further consideration of scandal that came up again on the Report stage of Vote. PRINCE ARTHUR, seeing danger ahead, interposed with promise of panacea for all the ills that follow on Departmental or Ministerial blundering. There should be Committee of Enquiry; not now; by-and-by, when the war is over, and the mischief irreparable. With this the House fain to be content.

Business done.—Supplementary War Estimate for five millions voted.

Tuesday night.—In submitting Motion for Disestablishment of Welsh Church, WILLIAM JONES made one of those speeches the secret of whose success he shares exclusively with Nature. SARK, one of the few Members of present House who remember the late A. M. SULLIVAN, tells me there are many points of resemblance between the Member for Carnarvonshire and the Irishman whom Mr. GLADSTONE alluded to in debate as “the eloquent Member for Louth.” They are alike in their highly-strung, electrical, spare figure; their gestures whilst speaking; their



REMOUNTS FOR THE YEOMANRY.

Horse-buying “Expert.” “Yes, it certainly does look more like a ‘towel-horse’ than anything else; still it ‘ll have to do!—Passed.”

modest manner; the simplicity of their eloquence. Both gifted with Celtic fire and fancy. But the brilliant patriotic Irishman whom his country gave to the 1874 Parliament was more of a fighting man than is the Welshman. Working as a private tutor at Oxford, WILLIAM JONES would not hurt a refractory pupil, much less a fly. To-night he almost apologised to the Church for his desire to see it Disestablished. In soft voice, made melodious by touch of Cymric accent, he winningly pointed out that all that is wanted for its complete happiness, its fuller prosperity, is Disestablishment.

House of Commons never seen to greater advantage than on the too rare occasions when it comes in contact with

and, coming to London, became an assistant master in a School Board school"—the House of Commons should sit entranced whilst he simply and modestly talked to it.

Business done.—Welsh Disestablishment negatived by 218 votes against 177.

Thursday.—The private Member has thus early discovered how much sharper than a serpent's tooth is PRINCE ARTHUR'S ingratitude. Here he has been for years supporting him by large majorities, agreeing to suspend Twelve o'clock Rule, sometimes sitting on Saturdays, dining in the House, thankful if any crumbs in the way of opportunity of submitting resolutions or introducing Bills fall from the Ministerial table.



LORD H-LSB-BY ON THE WOOLSACK.

(See "*Parliament Past and Present*," page 6.)

modest genius. Here was an obscure Welsh Member, handicapped by a surname almost fatal to individuality, submitting a proposition calculated to stir the deepest prejudices, religious, political, and social. Yet a crowded House listened, not only attentive but applaudive. ASQUITH, himself a master of phrases, a prince of ordered speech, paid glowing tribute to the natural grace, the indefinable air of distinction that marked the address of the mover of the Resolution. RITCHIE, the Minister charged with the task of demolishing it, was not less generous in his tribute.

It would not have mattered a bit if JONES had been ROBINSON, a family that actually overflows into the Peerage. Had he been a Duke's son and made that speech applause would not have been withheld. The grand thing is that, with his humble annals, doubtless contributed by himself to the pages of *Dod*—"served as schoolmaster in Wales,

And now PRINCE ARTHUR brings in and blandly recommends for his acceptance a lot of rules which, as SARK, studying them last week, said, "extinguish the private Member."

That estimable person has found out the truth. To-night rises in his might and denounces the insidious attempt. Nearly midnight now; been at it since four o'clock. With exception of DON JOSÉ, holding Ministerial brief, there has been none to say a good word for the new scheme. The most generous critic was CAWMELL-BANNERMAN. An old Parliamentary hand, he recognises the skill and the wisdom with which, in the main, the Rules are framed. But it is the duty of the Opposition to oppose; duty exceptionally pressing in case of Leader. So C-B., amid ominous cheers from Ministerialists below Gangway, pounds away at the new Procedure.

Incidentally throws curious light on social customs in neighbourhood of

Grosvenor Place. Very severe on what he described as new fashion of smart society making week-end holidays out of London. Imitated by persons who, not being in smart society, desire their neighbours to believe they are. With this object, it seems, they on Saturday morning pull down the blinds in front of their house by way of intimating that they are in some fashionable resort making a week-end of it.

This device may take in some of the envious and admiring neighbours. C-B. wasn't born in Forfarshire for nothing. Watching the goings-on from behind the window curtains of No. 6, Grosvenor Place, his keen eye detects the fraud. He knows very well his ambitious neighbours, having pulled down their front blinds, are not gone off week-ending, but are hiding somewhere in the back premises.

The gusto with which C-B. told this little story to the House was equalled only by its appreciation of his acuteness. Doesn't seem to have direct bearing on the question of Parliamentary Procedure. But similar remissness not absolutely unfamiliar in debate.

Business done.—New Procedure Rules taken in hand.

Friday.—Been looking over what promises to be unique, monumental, work on Parliament. *Parliament, Past and Present*, is its title. Is issued from the house of HUTCHINSON, and will be completed in eighteen fortnightly parts. The letterpress is written by ARNOLD WRIGHT, who has the advantage of the collaboration of PHILIP SMITH of the Vote Office. It is excellent, accurate, graphic, luminous with long research. But reading and writing come by nature. The exceptional value of this work is its illustrations. They are rare; hitherto, for ordinary people, unapproachable. In this first number we have on every page reproduction of some fine old contemporary print representing Parliament and Parliamentary men from the beginning. By way of frontispiece is given a photogravure of a picture of the old House of Commons, seated in St. Stephen's Chapel in the Session of 1793. PITT is addressing the House; among Members whose portraits are recognisable are FOX, SHERIDAN, CANNING, WILBERFORCE and ERSKINE.

Of later date is a delightful sketch of BROUGHAM on the Woolsack, a picture that suggests that long before the days of E. T. R. and F. C. G. that ground was not sacred to the artistic *sapteur*. The authors have some interesting notes about the payment of Members prevalent in early Parliamentary times. The paymasters were the boroughs or counties sending their representatives to London. One note is worth the attention of the electors of Kings Lynn. It



LENTEN NON LENT-EM.

Fräulein von Under Standl. "HOW VERY PLAINLY ZAT DEAR LADY CHURCHLEIGH IS DRESSED!"

Friend. "YES, INDEED. BUT, YOU MUST REMEMBER, IT IS LENT."

Fräulein. "ACH NO! YOU DO NOT MEAN TO TELL ME REALLY AND TRULY ZAT SHE BORROWS HER DRESSES!"

tells how, early in the seventeenth century, Sir ROBERT HITCHEN, predecessor in the seat of CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES, undertook to serve the borough gratuitously. "In consideration of which tender care for their pecuniary resources the Corporation, on the occasion of his passing through the town on his way to Ely, in July, 1610, entertained him handsomely and gave him a gratuity of twenty pounds."

For years the CAP'EN has served the kingdom and King's Lynn gratuitously; sometimes he passes through the borough on the way to Ely; but there the parallel abruptly ends.

Parliament should be circulated with the Votes. Failing that, Members will do well to possess themselves of the treasure.

Business done.—Second reading of debate on Procedure rules concluded. Really get to work on them next Monday.

TYING THE KNOT.

A (very slight) Anticipation.

WE understand that rehearsals of the marriage between Viscount CAMOMILE and Miss AMARANTH are now in full progress, and for spectacular display the performance should eclipse all previous records. The stage-management has been entrusted to Mr. SNOOKS, of the Empyrean Theatre, and the company engaged is one of exceptional strength. At fabulous expense

TWO BISHOPS, THREE CANONS, AND FIVE
ARCHDEACONS

have been specially retained for the occasion, and will wear robes designed by Messrs. MODISH & Co. The choir, which will be recruited from the ranks of the most eminent vocalists of the day, will wear surplices

TRIMMED WITH PRICELESS LACE, while the celebrated Pea-green Bohemian Band will lead the music, and will play selections before and after the performance.

Since St. Sepulchre's Church is somewhat dark, to guard against any risk of disappointment for the spectators,

A LIMELIGHT INSTALLATION

has been fixed in the organ loft, and the bride and bridegroom will speak their parts through a megaphone. The part of Best Man has been assigned to a Duke of well-known histrionic ability. The net income of the sixteen bridesmaids is said to exceed

£12,000,000 A YEAR!

Outside the immediate circle of performers will be grouped a carefully-chosen selection of the Smart Set, each of whom, it is rumoured, will receive a fee of fifty guineas for attending. And

large numbered labels will be worn on their backs, so that the spectators, by consulting the official programme (price one guinea), will be able to identify all the celebrities present.

Owing to the unprecedented demand for seats, the free list is entirely suspended. The present prices are:—

Back of Gallery.—Gift to bride or bridegroom of article worth not less than £5 (salt-cellars barred).

Front of Gallery or back of Nave.—Gift worth not less than £10.

Front Seats in body of Church.—Diamonds or cheques to value of £50 and upwards.

Ditto, with invitation to Reception.—£100.

N.B.—Tradesmen's receipts for the sum paid must be enclosed with each present.

An additional fee of £20 will be charged for admission to the Vestry while the registers are signed.

Floral decorations by Messrs. BOOKAY. The rice to be used has been specially imported from the Chitamugger district. Slippers—ornamented with diamond buckles—for throwing purposes are being manufactured by Messrs. LACE AND LEATHER.

We earnestly advise our readers to book their places at once. As an exhibition of scenic splendour, brilliant company, and perfect

GOOD TASTE,

such a marriage-ceremony as this is beyond all praise.

BIARRITZ.

(From Our Own Weathercock.)

VISITORS who have arrived at this salubrious spot to escape the rigours of the English winter will not miss much in variety of weather. For nearly a fortnight past the sojourner in the (alleged) Sunny South has been enabled alternately to revel in the falling snow, splash through deep mud, pit his second-best umbrella against the driving, icy rain, or test the resisting capacity of his mackintosh (armour-plated mackintosh is most recommended for this purpose) against the hurtling hailstones which break the windows so freely in the course of their playful gyrations. On all sides, the visitor finds amusement in hearing of trains snowed up, travellers getting mislaid in the drifts, and mails delayed for hours, or even days. Sitting out in the sun is no longer the "smart" thing to do—chiefly because there is no sun to sit out in—and covering over the bedroom fire of damp logs which won't burn has quite taken its place. Compared with this temperature, we should be inclined to describe the atmosphere

anywhere around the Marble Arch as oppressive. Biarritz, in short, this winter is quite a delightful place to stay away from.

ST. VALENTINE.

WERE I but living in the time
Of swords and hoops and powdered faces,
I might have turned a tuneful rhyme
To glorify my lady's graces.

But now, alack, there's none to teach—
Though maidens' charms still glow
as brightly—
Our fathers' fathers' gallant speech
That leapt from laughing lips so lightly.

No more our amorous swains profess
The art their grandsires deemed a duty—

Of decking out in dainty dress
Their distant homage paid to Beauty.

Their stately steps have been forgot,
Together with the courtly dancers;
And minuet and gay gavotte
Scarce find an echo in the lancers.

Scant courtesy too oft we hear
Usurping, 'mid our busy hustling,
The whisper in the little ear
That set the painted fan a-rustling.

And yet, if polished form and phrase,
If old-world airs are all neglected,
One link is left with happier days,
While VALENTINE is still respected.

Though for his rites but few are fain
Whose faith was once profound and fervent,

Believe me, lady, I remain
Both his and your most humble servant.

OUR HAPPY HOLMES.

Sherlock Holmes is a prodigious success. While running at the Lyceum it is keeping itself going, at the same time, in various theatres here, there and everywhere. It is to be played in French, Chaldaic, German, Italian, Phœnician, Greek, Double Dutch and Egyptian. It will be produced in the fine theatre now in process of construction in the Undiscovered Islands. Several rival Indian tribes are on the war-path with it. One performance was given before His Majesty of the Anthropogonian country, who was so delighted that he insisted on the entire troupe being presented to him *before supper was prepared*. Although the company accepted His Majesty's most gracious invitation, they were compelled to leave hurriedly some hours before the time appointed. Scandinavian-speaking players will act it at Stockholm. This last-mentioned troupe will be known as "*The Stock-Holmes Co.*"



"MY DEAR, WHATEVER MADE YOU PUT ON THAT OLD-FASHIONED 'KATE GREENAWAY' FROCK TO-NIGHT? NOBODY WEARS A SASH UNDER HER ARMS NOWADAYS."
 "OH, BUT I'M GOING OUT TO A PING-PONG TOURNAMENT, AND IT'S IN THE OFFICIAL RULES THAT IF YOU DON'T 'SERVE BELOW THE WAIST' YOU'LL BE DISQUALIFIED!"

OUR MISTRESS THE MAID.

II.

THE cloud at first was like a man's hand. "My dear," I remarked one morning, "don't you think that copper pot has got too many colours?"

GWENDOLEN eyed the pot, as I thought, a little uneasily. "Some people prefer them dull, JACK. They like the iridescence."

"Do you?"

"N-no, but perhaps AUGUSTA——"

"I think she might give it a little elbow-grease."

"I wish she would, but you must remember, JACK, she was out at a theatre last night, and the night before——"

"Well then, I think you might ask her to give it a rub up with an easy conscience."

GWENDOLEN looked troubled.

"Shall I speak to her?" I suggested.

GWENDOLEN looked more troubled still.

"I'll tell her to-morrow," she temporised. "She said she was going out this afternoon."

When to-morrow came, as luck would

have it, AUGUSTA was busy with the brasses. Presently I heard GWENDOLEN address her in a casual manner.

"Oh, by the way, AUGUSTA, before you put away the paste, you might give that pot a rub. It's not very bad," she added in propitiation, as there was no reply, "but yesterday's fog——"

Back came GWEN to the study, rather red in the face.

"Never again, JACK!" she exclaimed emphatically. "Rather all the colours of the rainbow than that disapproving look."

"My dear girl," I began.

"For Heaven's sake don't say that when you know you mean 'you silly ass.'"

GWEN's nerves were evidently upset, so I dropped the subject. A week hence the pot was cleaned, when we both made separate pilgrimages of grace to the kitchen, GWEN with a novel and I with a cigarette.

"I say, GWEN," I remarked a week or so later, "I want to ask BROWN, of the Parthenon, and his wife to dinner next week. He hasn't been sending me any books lately."

"H'm," said GWENDOLEN doubtfully.

"I wonder if AUGUSTA would let us have more than three courses?"

"Why not have someone in to help?"

"H'm," said GWENDOLEN, still more doubtfully. "You evidently don't know AUGUSTA."

"Very well, then, she must just do it herself."

"We'll hope for the best. I'll write to Mrs. BROWN to-night."

Next morning GWENDOLEN broached the subject. AUGUSTA was delighted.

"We must give them a good dinner," she remarked.

As the day drew near I thought GWENDOLEN looked a little troubled. I asked her what was on her mind.

"I'm almost sure we're going to have Scotch broth for dinner. I heard AUGUSTA ordering the things from the greengrocer this morning."

"Scotch broth!" I exclaimed. "Can't you say some fools prefer Julianne?"

"No," said GWENDOLEN.

I sighed.

"What fish?" I queried.

"She asked whether we would like soup or fish."

"Didn't you say both?"

"I couldn't."

"Then we will begin with oysters." GWENDOLEN frowned.

"I'll arrange that, old girl."

The frown did not lift. But as something had to be done, and that quickly, I sought the kitchen.

"AUGUSTA," I said, airily, "I am having a present of two dozen oysters sent me. Do you think we could have them on Saturday?"

"You're having soup," said AUGUSTA.

"Oh, are we?" said I. "Perhaps it wouldn't look very odd if we had the oysters as well. You see, they wouldn't keep."

"That's true."

I returned in triumph to GWENDOLEN and told her that I had ordered the oysters. The frown had given place to a contemptuous smile.

"I heard you," she said. "You foolishly left the door open."

The next difficulty was the *entrée*. GWENDOLEN was positive that this was an impossibility.

"But," she added with a sneer, "if you had a *present* of one from the Lady Cakemaker, AUGUSTA might condescend to heat it up."

"Well, thank goodness the pheasants are a certainty any way. They would walk to church on Sunday morning."

"AUGUSTA says they are still quite fresh, and would be uneatable, so we must just have mutton."

"Any sweets?"

"AUGUSTA suggests a steamed dumpling."

"Plum duff?" I queried.

"I think so, but never mind, I'll order some *meringues*, and if you and I eat the plum duff AUGUSTA won't be hurt."

"And ourselves?"

"Oh, that doesn't matter. 'Anything to save a greet.'"

Thanks to GWENDOLEN's propitiatory assumption of a common ignorance I was able, without offence, to coach my womenkind in such unimportant details as the accidental difference between a port and a claret glass, and the conventional and purely arbitrary sequence of courses; and save for a determined effort that we should drink our hock out of the family champagne-glasses, in which AUGUSTA took no little pride, the dinner passed off without disastrous calamity. When our guests had departed we duly lauded AUGUSTA's dishes

to the detriment of the "presents" from the Lady Cakemaker, and sent her to bed happy after a glass of port and a cigarette.

(To be continued.)

PIPE.

O word, expressive of so much!

You indicate the cheery robin

Who finds the ivied porch is such

A pleasant shelter to hob-nob in;

You bring us water at a rated cost.

And when it freezes you're a perfect frost.

You take a moderate draught of wine,

Two hogsheads are your legal measure;

Within the Scotchman's grip you pine

And wail, or so it seems, displeasure;

You set the jocund step for reeling gillies

As when young STREPHON played to AMARYLLIS.

My wife abhors you, yet admits

Your presence in the house she graces,

And takes, by desultory fits,

To cleaning out your dirty places;

But then she's bound to me for worse or better,

And knows I loved you long before I met her.



"IT'S AN ILL WIND," ETC.

"HALLO, TOMMY! NOT GONE BACK TO SCHOOL YET?"

"No, I'M IN LUCK. SIS IS GOING IN FOR MEASLES! BUT HOW IS IT YOU HAVEN'T GONE?"

"Oh, I'M IN LUCK TOO! OUR BABY IS HAVING WHOOPING COUGH!"